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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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Godless Plays, and Godless Authors.

There is little question of the fact that we live in an age and country emphatically godless. It is the *fashion* to leave the sovereignty of a loving and all-wise Creator entirely out of consideration, even in grave matters, and the consequence is that very few, comparatively speaking, really believe in the God whom christians adore. What great wonder is it then that our popular plays and our popular literature respond to the universal taste, and not only utterly ignore the precepts of christianity, setting them at defiance, but even hold them up to the contempt and scorn of the world. The only wonder is that christian people do not discover this fact, and guard those placed under their charge from becoming the victims of godless plays and godless literature.

True, the young must be amused; all must be amused; indeed as a nation we are *mad* for amusements. To attempt their banishment would be a puritanic folly of which no wise man would be guilty. Our only hope is to encourage the better class, and improve upon those if we can. To make people good, there is no doubt that we must render them happy, and to effect this we must furnish them with suitable pastimes. Let us not be understood, however, by happiness to mean the mere gratification of the senses, the satisfaction of the selfish, the animal and intellectual propensities. This is very far from our intention, for this idea of happiness is the shoal upon which the destiny of millions is wrecked. By the word happiness, we desire to convey the idea of something infinitely above pleasure. We wish to be understood to mean the exercise and development of the nobler capabilities of the human soul; and since amusements have so large a share in the moulding of the unformed mind, to disregard their moral tendency is to expose the

young to peril, for the most insidious moral corruption may penetrate the pure young heart through the agency of what is believed to be the most harmless recreation.

The young must be amused, but in a professedly christian country is there no alternative but to serve them disgraceful exhibitions like those of "Undine," the "White Fawn" the "Black Crook," and those of similar stamp? But, setting aside those openly vicious and completely unintellectual displays, what can be said in favor of theatrical representations claiming higher pretensions, those which essay to entertain the mental powers, but which conceal under the specious garb of refined and elegant diction the deadly poison of depraved sentiments?

We may admire the fine talents of Schiller, the great German, and accord the meed of praise to the poet while we are constrained to admit that the bosom friend of the infidel Goethe, who lived and wrote when the entire atmosphere of Europe was rife with impiety and hatred to religion, is quite unworthy to lead the mind and instruct the heart of youth. To successfully represent human nature is not the acme of play writing, nor is dramatic effect the sole object to be sought in the preparation of a tragedy. To elevate the standard of thought and encourage the pursuit of virtue is the only honorable end. To misrepresent virtuous historical personages can scarcely be forgiven. Were Mary Queen of Scots alive, she would shudder at the caricature of herself eliminated from the brain of an author who, though capable of appreciating much that is noble in nature, had not the *slightest conception* of the restraining and elevating power of divine grace. Accepting a false history of his heroine, he gives to us, not Mary Queen of Scots, but a passionate, revengeful, vain creature of his own imagination. The integrity of sublime christian faith put to the most severe and cruel test, which, had the author possessed the faintest idea of the catholic

religion, would have added grandeur to romance in the personation, is actually turned into an insignificant farce.

Upon plays of another class we need pass no comment, save to express our regret that dramas of a nature to extenuate wickedness and throw a halo of plausibility and beauty over crime, are encouraged by a class from whom we should look for better things: men and women who ostrich-like hide their poor heads under the sand of wilful ignorance, and by this means hope to escape the fierce simoom of retribution which must sooner or later overtake them for their temerity and levity of example.

Joseph Addison ranks as first among our standard English writers; but, notwithstanding this, when he presents a vivid picture of the patriotic Roman, enlists our sympathies in his cause, invests him with all the charm of every natural virtue, making him appear to the susceptible imagination of the young as a kind of demigod, but closes up the drama of this wonderful life by making the hero commit the dastardly act of suicide, who can defend the morality of his plays? Alas, must we be driven back to pagan times to find in pagan history models for our imitation? Has christianity afforded no heroes, no events capable of enlisting the interests and kindling the enthusiasm of the dramatist? Certainly she has, and Cardinal Wiseman and other christian writers have already written some noble christian plays; yet "*very good people*" often prefer the delineation of the evil passions, shrugging the shoulder, it is true, at the portrayal and triumph of vice, yet encouraging by their *criminal silence* that which they would blush to commend by their lips. Are they not blind leaders of the blind?

Of Shakespeare, this prince of English literature, it may seem a sort of sacrilege to speak disparagingly, or with anything but words of commendation. If we are to believe the assertions of some who are honest for aught we know, there are educated men in high offices among us who scarcely know a quotation of Shakespeare from one of the Bible, so profoundly is he revered. Peerless in genius, oftentimes most catholic in spirit, and claiming the attention of the whole world, we can only wish that he had lived under the reign of a more pure monarch than Elizabeth of England: yet who that is honest enough to acknowledge the power of obscene imagery to contaminate the heart and familiarize it with evil, would permit his young daughters to read Shakespeare?

May we be pardoned a slight digression?

Above we would have naturally written "*sons and daughters*," for to keep the heart of a young man unsullied is really quite as important as to maintain purity in that of his sister. We could never see the consistency of excluding one half the human race from the advantages to arise from the mastery of evil passions, and have good reason to believe that the effeminacy and want of real independence and vigor which is so common among men at the present day, results from the small value placed upon the innocence of young men, even by *so-called pious parents*. We need some salutary lessons from the ages of faith, when the most heroic and daring warriors were always counted among those who were *most pure*. The vile slave to his animal nature was regarded as unworthy the christian name.

Some one in days past has said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who make her laws." Alas! were we to-day to substitute "literature" for "songs," startling and painful as would be the assertion it would be equally significant. Our literature is the fountain of our immorality as a people. Victor Hugo, whose translations are read with such avidity by "the more refined classes," like many of his compeers strives to make suicide appear as a sublime act, when every christian should know that there is no greater insult to God than to lay violent hands on one's self. Charles Dickens, who by some weak-minded persons is believed "to have done more to elevate the masses of England than any man who has ever lived," makes it a point to embellish and render praiseworthy the breach of matrimonial constancy; and he is followed by a countless train of flashy writers, like himself without a christian conscience, but eager for the same object, namely to glut the market with mental poison and to render vice attractive and irresistible. The two points of defiance to religion which we have mentioned, are simple examples, a drop in the ocean, since there is not a commandment of the Decalogue or of the Church not subject to the contempt and ridicule of our fashionable writers, and our assertion can be *abundantly proved*. If so, where is the prudence in leaving the young to decide their selection of authors? If to appear well informed, a lady or gentleman must be subjected to the ordeal of imbibing deadly corruption, better a thousand times to *be ill informed*. But this is not necessary. *Irreligious writers are invariably shallow*. We positively gain nothing in the perusal of their works. Their science is false, their sincerity affected, and

their style often mere verbiage. Not so with our Schlegel, our Lacordaire and Montalembert, our Balmes, our Faber, our Kenrick, Spalding, Hecker, and numberless others who write to instruct and elevate their readers, and not (as in the other case) for the purpose of enticing them to destruction. We are not destitute of safe lighter reading. Mrs. Sadlier, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Dorsey, George H. Miles, and even his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, have all generously contributed to this important fund of literature, and others are constantly adding to the list. There is indeed no valid excuse for reading irreligious authors, or encouraging immoral plays. Ignorance or levity on the part of parents and guardians are answerable, when children and youth are exposed to the danger in question; *and where the immortal souls of those under their charge are at stake, this ignorance and levity can scarcely be less than criminal.*

[Correspondence of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.]

Point de Galle, Ceylon.

SUNDAY, FEB. 3, 18—. Most of us attended Divine service on the quarter-deck, the main trysail sheltering us from the roasting rays of Sol. Shortly before noon made a sail on our starboard bow, lat. 5° 44'; long. 79° 09', and 67 miles from the spicy land of Ceylon. At 2 p. m., the vessel made Marriot's signals to us, which we translated into the "British barque Thames, of London." At 3 we left her clear to the south'ard. About this time another sail hove in sight off our port bow. At 4.30 the lookout on the masthead reported another sail off starboard bow, and at 5 made another off starboard quarter—making four in sight at one time. It is supposed that the continuous calms we have lately had have brought them together. We have not seen so many vessels at once since leaving home. At twilight we got a little breeze, which in connection with our steam made us shoot past the whole of them quicker than "Jerry wrote the note." At 8 p. m. threw the deep-sea lead to 75 fathoms of line, and no bottom found. At 2 bells (9 p. m.) threw over the "deep-sea" again, with 75 fathoms, and found bottom at 210 feet. Particles of coral and a spongy substance clung to the bottom of the lead. At 9.30 saw a light flash off port bow. At 9.40 made another light off port beam. The first one is the Point de Galle light-house, and the second no

doubt is at some vessel's fore. Dark as pitch. Land can be smelt quite plainly although it is too dark to see it. At 10 sounded a rocky bottom at twenty-seven fathoms. At five bells (10½ p. m.) slowed down, and will roam around until morning, keeping the light in sight.

MONDAY. Land plainly in view. At daylight made signal for pilot, who came aboard in a most curiously constructed boat. It was very deep, and evidently a scooped-out tree trunk. There were three curved hoops fastened on the side of it off the bow, beam and stern. On the surface of the water rested a log, the three ends of the hoops being fastened thereto in order to balance and prevent the canoe from capsizing. Three oars were used on the opposite side of the boat from where the hoops projected, and these each had a wooden pan on the ends for the purpose of having more purchase in the water for propulsion. At 7.45 a. m. came to in the harbor off Point de Galle, and fired a salute to the English flag and American Consul.

TUESDAY. The natives are "hived" on board the ship this morning. Most of us availed ourselves of the purchase of monkeys at a dollar each, thereby making our menagerie increase to proportions *à la Dan Rice*. We now have five monkeys, three parrots, three dogs, two cats, two canaries, "Dennis" (a pig), and innumerable mosquitoes which we would heartily wish out of the programme. The native vendors of trinkets were all on board before we were out of our berths. The Mohammedans and Arabs with their shaven heads, and the Cinghalese tribe with their long hair wrapped into a knot, have each their greedy eyes towards the pounds, shillings, and pence of H'old H'England, and all endeavoring to swindle us with their glass diamonds, red glass rubies, and green glass emeralds, their shilling sapphires and *tuppence* amethysts. A Mohammedan came aboard who had six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand, and who could do all manner of chicanery with three cotton balls. He wore around his neck a hideous cobra snake, which would poke out its venomous fangs as often as the trickster would put out his hand for money—both of which were too frequent to interest us.

THURSDAY. One of the monkeys will follow a blue-jacket up the main and down the mizzen for tobacco. To day being the Mohammedan's Christmas (?) we are not troubled with them; but the Boodhists, not relishing the refreshing religion of their shaved-head companions, are aboard in swarms. When a native is sick here he has sym-

pathizers who dance around him to scare the devil out. The terpsichoreans then think the invalid is in a fair way of recovery. The Cinghalese worship a tree on this island, which they say sheltered their god Boodh when he sojourned in this world of woe. Two priests of that belief came aboard as visitors. They have a long yellow toga cast over their left shoulder and bound around fast to their waists under their right arm. I very much doubt if either of these Cinghalese dignitaries were sixteen years of age. They were youthful, yet saturnine, and behaved with a demeanor worthy of a better creed.

G. F. B. C.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Washington's Birthday.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land?
* * * * *
If such there be, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel's raptures swell."—*Scott*.

When Scotland's illustrious poet gave utterance to the truths contained in the lines above cited, he did so with a firm conviction that they were of universal application. Nor was he mistaken. Patriotism, or love of one's native land, is a virtue of such importance, in a social point of view, that without it no man may hope to enjoy the reputation of being a good citizen, or worthy member of society; or flatter himself that his name will be mentioned with respect or love, after he has passed away from earth. No, the man who is devoid of patriotism will certainly meet the fate predicted of such by the Scottish bard:

"Despite his titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, centered all in self,
Living shall forfeit all renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Hence, educators, whose office it is not only to furnish the youthful mind with a certain amount of information, but also, and *chiefly*, to develop and bring into action all that is good and noble in the mind itself, ought sedulously to cherish and cultivate in their young charge this chief of social virtues—patriotism. Now, we know of no better means of strengthening this spirit of patri-

otism in the young than to teach them, by word and example, to honor, by public manifestations of approbation and respect, those who have proved their love of country by great personal sacrifices.

That Notre Dame is not remiss in the discharge of this duty, and that the students of Notre Dame enter with a hearty good will into the views and wishes of their teachers in this particular, as in all others, will be abundantly evident from the following account of the Grand Exhibition given by the students on the evening of Monday, the anniversary of the birthday of Washington—of Washington, the patriot, the soldier, the statesman, the FATHER OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

To give a correct idea of this celebration we must go back a few days and watch the progress of affairs.

THE SCENERY.

The week previous to the "22d" was a busy one for the talented Artist of the University, Prof. C. A. B. Von Weller, as is evident from the beautiful scenery amid which the "play" was presented. Three scenes particularly attracted general notice, viz: the "Forest Scene," which was so well executed that one felt surprised that the weary "robbers" did not go in amongst the trees to take their rest after warm action, instead of lying down in the clearing in front. The "Garden Scene," with its fountains playing vigorously, was admirable. Indeed it was refreshing to see even the representation of a fountain amid the close, pent up and stifling atmosphere of the Hall. The "River Scene," representing a delightful stream, overshadowed by luxuriant trees, recalled the days of our boyhood, and thus added a new feature of interest to the entertainment, as far as we were concerned. There was considerable supplementary scenery, all executed in true artistic style and producing a decidedly grand effect. The only imperfection which we noticed was the joining of the two slides of which the background of the scenes is composed—the opening between these slides necessarily breaking the unity of the picture and thus injuring the effect. We would suggest that these back scenes be painted on a single piece of canvas and fixed on rollers similar to that of the drop curtain, then the full effect of the picture might be obtained.

OTHER PREPARATIONS.

The Band and Orchestra, being always ready, did not have any special preparation to make for this occasion. The Philharmonics also, having

always on hand a quantity of choice songs and choruses, were not called upon for any extra exertions by way of preparation. The Thespians, however, those earnest workers, applied themselves silently to the task of preparation, never allowing their teachers to imagine for a moment that they had anything besides their classes to attend to. The only tangible indication we had that anything extra was going on, was the fact that Prof. Corby, Director of the Thespian Association, could not be seen about the college in the evening, and the light peeping out from the windows of Washington Hall, after supper every evening, told us, who are initiated, that the Thespians were at work, and the entertainment of last Monday evening proved that they worked in earnest.

THE EVENING.

The usual time for supper was anticipated by half an hour, and the "good things of life" were disposed of with more than usual rapidity. After this necessary preliminary, all the inmates of Notre Dame, together with about three hundred welcome visitors, repaired to Washington Hall to enjoy the feast there prepared for them, a feast by the way which would not break the fast of Lent. We were welcomed by the familiar strains of the excellent "Cornet Band," their introductory piece on this occasion being Washington's Grand March. When the Band had ceased, the Orchestra took up the strain and led us off to "fairy land" by the sweet style in which they performed the Overture to *Cenerentola*. We may say here, once for all, that the Band and Orchestra performed their part of the programme fully and promptly, and the quality of their music was unusually good. The only defect which we noticed in this respect was, that notwithstanding the recommendation of Rev. Father Superior, to keep a strict silence during the music, there was a great deal too much noise, a certain portion of the audience forgetting that others could, and would if permitted, appreciate the music. We hope to see an improvement in this respect. The next on the programme was the chorus by the Philharmonics, and well did that excellent society respond to the call. On former occasions the Philharmonics were, in respect to harmony, somewhat like ancient Philosophers in respect to knowledge—seekers; this evening they bore the relation to "heavenly harmony" which modern Philosophers do to knowledge—possessors, *masters*. Long life say we to the Philharmonics, and to their able Director, Prof. Corby. The Oration of the day, by Mr. Jas. Cunnea, was next

in order. Mr. Cunnea was prompt to the call, and entertained his audience for about twenty minutes with a well prepared oration on Washington. As a composition the oration was very fine, and considering the difficulty of writing an oration on Washington, we would pronounce it excellent. It had one fault, however, a fault common to all orations which we have ever heard on the subject: viz. it attempted to say too much in a small space. In our opinion it would have been better to take one trait in the character of Washington and dwell upon it, than to attempt a eulogy on his whole life. Mr. Cunnea's delivery was dignified and distinct, but scarcely animated enough for the matter of the oration. There was also a lack of gesture, although the few that were brought in were graceful and appropriate. A little practice will overcome these defects. After the oration followed another chorus by the Philharmonics, equally as successful as the first. Then came the Address from the Juniors, also on Washington; delivered by Master D. J. Wile. This address was well written and delivered with energy, but in almost too monotonous a tone. The song "The Bright Ionian Sea," by Prof. Girac, words by Prof. Stace, sung by a select number of the Choral Union (that was), was spoiled. The singers showed evidently that they had not given sufficient attention to their rehearsals. The recitation "Patriotism," by Master Mark Foote, was not as well done as Master Foote generally does: this may be accounted for by the fact that his piece was not well committed, in consequence of which the young speaker was diffident and embarrassed. The Band and Orchestra now entertained us successively, while the Thespians were preparing the stage for the grand feature of the evening,

THE PLAY.

The heavy Tragedy by Schiller, entitled "The Robbers," was now brought forward. This play as originally written would not, of course, have been allowed on *our* stage; but the Director of the Thespians, finding that it was well suited to bring out the speaking talent of the Society, remodeled the objectionable parts, while preserving the *spirit* of the original. Yet, though remodeled, we cannot say that we like the play itself, for it lacks that elevated sentiment which should characterize even a play, and which *can* be introduced without injuring the effect in the least. With regard to the *acting*, we have quite a different story to tell;—we were never before so well pleased with acting at Notre Dame. But we can best

express our appreciation by making a brief review of the different characters.

Charles De Moor, son of Count De Moor, disinherited by his father, through the treacherous intrigues of his inhuman brother Francis, becomes a robber chief, and all his acts are characterized by a deadly hatred of men. This desperate character was presented by Mr. M. S. Ryan. Mr. Ryan sustained his former reputation, and won new laurels by the manner in which he presented this character. A powerful, well cultivated, and well managed voice enabled him to express all that gnawing rage which urged him on in his destructive career, while a perfect mastery over his muscles and nerves enabled him to *act* what his words expressed. We must say, however, that the action was in some places a little too violent, especially in that scene in which he released the prisoner from the tower in the forest—found that it was his old father—and heard of the treachery of his brother Francis. This overacting was no doubt due to a misconception of the true nature of the scene. In every other respect Mr. Ryan's acting was appropriate to the character he sustained, and perfectly carried out to the end. We would like to point out the many excellencies of his acting, but space will not permit.

Francis De Moor, the treacherous and plotting brother of Charles, was personated by Mr. J. M. Moriarty. In the opening scenes of the play, Mr. Moriarty also mistook his true character—he was altogether too demonstrative for the cool, calculating, treacherous knave whom he represented. In the closing scenes, after his treachery was discovered, his acting was in perfect keeping with his character and situation. Mr. Moriarty's voice though not so powerful as Mr. Ryan's, is quite as flexible and well trained. All things considered, it would be difficult to say which of these two young gentlemen acted his part best. Both had extremely difficult parts, and both did these parts well, and deserve the thanks of all who witnessed their performance; with this acknowledgment of our inability to award the palm to either, we leave the two principal characters of the evening to the judgment of the whole audience.

Count De Moor—father of Charles and Francis—deceived and maltreated by the latter, and finally killed by the intelligence that the former was captain of a robber band—was ably represented by Mr. W. P. Rhodes. The tremulous and weakly-hollow voice of extreme age and suffering, was assumed to perfection by Mr. Rhodes. The attitude taken at times was not according to

our idea of the character; in all other respects the acting was appropriate and well sustained, and we congratulate the young gentleman on his success.

Julius, nephew of Count De Moor, and passionately attached to Charles, found a worthy representative in Mr. J. Eisenman. Mr. Eisenman is at that age when the compass of the voice is at its minimum, and this rendered modulation rather difficult. His acting, however, was quite natural; for the character—innocent and strong attachment to what seemed noble in his eyes—suited this young man perfectly.

Switzer, next to De Moor the leading spirit in the robber band, was well taken by Mr. L. B. Logan. We must say however that Mr. Logan's acting was sometimes rather wild, even for a robber, and his voice occasionally reached too high a pitch to be as effective as we know this young gentleman could have made it. Notwithstanding these imperfections, Mr. Logan's general acting deserves much praise and commendation.

Spiegelberg, the first organizer of the band, who afterwards proved to be a coward and traitor, was presented by Mr. H. B. Keeler. To say that Mr. Keeler did well would not express our idea clearly;—he did more—he shook off his own natural disposition entirely, and in voice, look and action, appeared the very incarnation of an ambitious, crafty, conscienceless coward.

Roller, a robber condemned to death, but rescued by De Moor, was represented by Mr. Jas. A. O'Reilly. This young gentleman sustained his character very well, but it was evident that he finds some difficulty in assuming a fictitious character. His full rich voice (although not yet brought under complete control), backed with a good fund of information and sound sense, will make him yet, should his inclinations lead that way, an ornament of the rostrum or the pulpit, but he must have reality for his motive power,—fiction will not do.

Grimm, Razman, Schusterle, and Kozinski, conspicuous robbers of the band, were presented respectively by Messrs. H. P. Morancy, J. Gavit, S. Corby, and J. Fleming. Mr. Morancy, who took part in the "Burning of Bertrand" last New Year's Eve, on this occasion added new laurels to the wreath he won then, for distinctness of utterance and unaffectedness of manner; a little more energy in general would not injure his acting. Mr. Gavit did well indeed; he has a voice that with training might be made to do wonders. Mr. Corby acts very naturally, but his voice, though of fine quality for singing, is not suited to

heavy playing—it would do very well in some departments of comedy. Mr. Fleming appears well in costume, but, from the little which he had to say on this occasion, we are inclined to think his voice is rather weak for the stage. He would do well to exercise his voice more with a view to increasing its strength.

Herman, at first the tool of Francis in his designs against his father and brother, but finally faithful to the old Count, was ably presented by Mr. A. B. White. This young gentleman assumed with apparent ease, the double character of a weak and submissive tool, and a firm and noble nature roused to a sense of its own dignity by the sight of suffering innocence and the unmerited triumph of base treachery. The dignified, however, was evidently more natural to Mr. White than the other character.

Daniel, major-domo to the old Count, was well represented by W. K. Roy, although Mr. Roy was rather cool in one exciting scene.

Commissary, in the service of the King, found a suitable exponent in the person of Mr. A. W. Arrington. Mr. Arrington's movements were characterized by an easy dignity which won the ready sympathy of his audience, though his voice appeared somewhat weak.

We have now given our candid opinion of all those who had speaking parts in this play—the silent actors, of whom there was quite a number, did their parts well, and deserve our thanks; for they contributed to the enjoyments of the evening. During the intervals between the acts, the Band and Orchestra filled up the time very pleasantly with excellent music. One piece by the Band attracted our special attention, and on enquiry we found that it was one of Prof. John O'Neill's compositions. We certainly trust he will write some more of the same kind.

The tragedy over, the thoughtful Thespians came forward with a very amusing comedy to relax the overstrung nerves of the audience before bidding them good-night. This comedy was entitled "A Race for a Dinner." It might have been very appropriately "A Race for Bed." Mr. H. B. Keeler, in the character of "Sponge," brought down the house by his happy hits and comic acting. Mr. A. B. White, who took the part of Doric, a great lover of architecture, acted the gentleman of ease with natural grace. Mr. J. M. Moriarty, as Measureton, an architect, played well, but his tragic performance of the same evening appeared to hang on his movements a little. Mr. Wm. P. Rhodes played the hotel-keeper—"Feedwell"—very naturally. Mr. Jas.

A. O'Reilly personated "Frank" in a very humorous style. Dalton, a retired merchant, was well represented by Mr. A. W. Arrington. Lovell, a friend of Dalton's, was appropriately rendered by Mr. R. L. Aikin. Gammon, a pretended officer, was rendered with a high degree of consequential dignity by Mr. S. Corby. The waiters, attendants, &c., all did their parts well.

As the "finger of time" was now approaching near the hour of midnight, the "closing remarks" were dispensed with, and the audience retired to the cheering notes of the Band. A smile of pleasure was on every face; not a complaint was heard at the lateness of the hour, but many complimentary remarks were passed on the manner in which the young gentlemen had acquitted themselves on this occasion. We heartily subscribe to the words of praise and satisfaction which we heard expressed by the many intelligent visitors who honored us with their company on last Monday evening; for, as far as we are capable of judging, it was the most pleasing entertainment given at Notre Dame for many years. I have criticised the performance freely, believing that it is worthy of special notice, and that it can bear to have its few imperfections pointed out, for its many excellencies simply annihilated the defects in every eye (except the critic's). I think, too, I may safely take the liberty to present the thanks of the whole audience to Prof. M. T. Corby, A. M., on whose self-sacrificing exertions, as Director of both the Thespians and Philharmonics, in a great measure depended the perfection of this entertainment.

Now, kind reader, if you have had the patience to follow me through this report, I bid you adieu, leaving it to you, if you were a witness of the performance, to judge whether or not my criticisms and commendations are judicious. If you were not a witness, I must ask you to accept the description as correct, and for the future try to be present at all the entertainments given by the noble Thespians. It will pay you well.

Yours truly, FANCIULLO.

En Passant.

"No
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the *supper*—bell."—Byron.

It was splendid! Of course we mean the oyster-supper, which Brother Florentius gave to the

Juniors on Tuesday evening, Feb. 16th. Father Lemonnier, Father Ferdinando and Father Spillard were there with an extra supply of smiles and good-humor. We also had the good fortune to be invited. We had oysters, and speeches, and everything good. But I am anticipating.

Shortly after we arrived in the Juniors' refectory, Very Rev. Father Provincial tapped the bell to signify that the boys had recreation. A prolonged scream of delight followed, and then—

"Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merc'less fell like tomahawks to work."

After justice had been done to the good things, the speeches followed. Father Lemonnier, Father Spillard and Prof. Lyons were called upon, and responded briefly, stating that they had enjoyed the feast very much, and thanked all those who had been engaged in getting it up, and Brother Florentius in particular. We take this opportunity to reiterate, publicly, the thanks not only of these, but of all who partook of Brother Florentius' hospitality.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S, Feb. 16th, 1869.

Honorable Mention.

FRENCH.

First Class :—Misses A. Carmody, L. and L. Tong.

Second :—Misses M. Alexander, M. Shirland, K. Carpenter, K. Young.

Second Div. :—Misses K. Cunnea, H. Neil.

Third :—Misses S. Thomson, E. Smith, A. Cunnea.

Fourth :—Misses R. Joslin, E. Rogers, B. Gardner.

GERMAN.

First Class :—Misses Emma Ruger, M. Rumely, R. Fox.

Second :—Misses M. Alexander, E. Rogers, L. English.

DRAWING.

First Class :—Misses M. Alexander, L. Chamberlain, A. Carpenter, L. Lewis, C. Heckman.

MUSIC.

PIANO.—*First Class* : Miss Clara Foote. *Second Class* : Miss M. Kirwin. *Third* : Miss E. Kirwin. *Fourth* : Miss Z. Silby. *Fifth* : Miss N. Wilder. *Sixth* : Miss M. La Brash. *Seventh* : Miss A. Clarke. *Eighth* : Miss F. Taylor.

HARP.—Miss M. Shirland.

GUITAR.—Miss L. English.

ST. MARY'S, Feb. 22d, 1869.

Arrivals.

Feb. 22d.—Misses Nellie and Carrie Henry, Cheyenne, Dakota Territory; Feb. 23d.—Misses

L. and M. Hoover, Lafayette, Ind; Miss L. McFarland, Chicago, Ill.

Tables of Honor, Sr.

Misses L. Chamberlain, M. Edwards, S. Gleeson, R. Joslin, E. Darst, M. O'Toole, K. O'Toole, C. Edwards, C. Hoerber, M. Minor, M. Cline.

Honorable Mention, Sr.

Graduating Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, E. Longsdorf, K. Livingston, A. Ewing, E. Crouch, K. Cunnea.

First Class.—Misses J. Hynds, A. Carmody, A. Radin, E. Kirwin, M. Morrill, E. Ewing, L. McManaman, M. Carraher, A. Darcy, M. Alexander, L. Lewis, M. Walton, T. Grimes.

Second Class.—Misses S. Thomson, E. Bland, R. Rettig, C. Foote, E. Lindsay, L. English, A. Bryson, N. Leoni, A. Carpenter, M. King, E. Carr, N. Thompson, A. Heckman, L. Chouteau, K. Armstrong, W. Corby, K. Carpenter, B. Gardner, E. Smith, K. Young, H. O'Neill, E. Rogers, E. Livingston, L. Leoni, A. Walker.

Third Class.—Misses M. Tuberty, E. Williams, L. Ramsdell, N. Simms, E. Ruger, M. Kirwin, M. Shirland, S. Beebe, F. Stevens, M. Dillon, M. LaBrash, E. Hill, U. Gill, L. McKinney.

First Preparatory.—Misses K. Robinson, A. Maste, S. O'Brien, J. Lonergan, L. Barnett, E. Henry.

Second Preparatory.—Misses C. Boss, J. Davis, A. Minnick, N. Burridge, K. Zell, J. Denny.

Third Preparatory.—Misses M. Rumely, M. Coffey, E. Price, A. Matthews, J. Byers, J. Davis, A. Dinges, E. Seiler, E. Whitfield, E. Spillard, T. Fox, R. Fox.

Instrumental Music.

First Class.—Misses C. Foote, K. Young.

Second Div.—Miss M. Shirland.

Second Class.—Miss C. Heckman.

Second Div.—Miss L. English.

Third Class.—Miss E. Smith.

Fourth Class.—Misses R. Meyers, H. Neill.

Second Div.—Misses E. Lindsay, E. Crouch.

Fifth Class.—Misses N. Wilder, B. Letourneau.

Second Div.—Misses K. Zell, R. Joslin.

Sixth Class.—Misses L. LeBrash, N. Shirland.

Seventh Class.—Miss A. Byrnes.

Eighth Class.—Miss K. Kent.

Table of Honor, Jr.

Misses L. Neil, A. Clarke, M. Durant, M. Letourneau, A. Robson, M. Roberts, J. Wilder, L. McNamara, M. Garrity, K. Tolman, A. Garrity, L. Thomson.

Honorable Mention, Jr.

Second Preparatory.—Misses J. Jones, A. Wood, M. Bader.

Third Preparatory.—Misses B. Meyers, M. McNamara, A. Byrne, J. Walton.

First Class.—Misses F. Taylor, J. Byrne, B. Frensdorf.

Second Class.—Misses B. Wilson, B. Henry, A. DeCamp, R. Canoll.